

HIS OPPORTUNITY

By GEORGE MUNSON.

John and Cynthia were to be married when John was raised from twenty to twenty-five. But Christmas came, and John received no notification of an increase.

"I think it's a shame, John," said Cynthia, weeping, as she contemplated another year of splinterdom. "Why don't you go to old Hart and tell him how badly you need the raise? I am sure you are doing two men's work in that old office."

"Why, dear!" exclaimed John, aghast. "If I were to do that they would simply give me my discharge. Nobody ever goes to Hart. He is unapproachable. He has no more sympathy than a stone."

"Oh, John, are you sure you have enough initiative?" wailed Cynthia. "You know, they never pay anybody more than he is willing to take."

"I tell you it's no use, dear," John answered. "You see, I understand conditions there, and so—"

And so that was the way it went. And John toiled at the office all through the dreary winter, and he had never had to work so hard before. It was as Cynthia had said. He was doing two men's work for Hart.

He began to grow desperate. Hart was becoming more and more unsympathetic. He practically told John he was not worth his salt. He hinted at changes in the staff. John began to study the Sunday newspaper advertisement columns.

On the very first Sunday he saw an advertisement which seemed to have been inserted specially for him.

"WANTED," it ran, "an expert in the wholesale stationery trade, with complete knowledge of stock. A young man of not more than five and twenty years, who is willing to work up with an old-established firm. Salary to start, \$125. Apply by letter, with full particulars, to P. Q., Box 195."

That was John's line. Moreover, he was sure he knew who it was that advertised under the initials P. Q. That must be Quincy, Hart's chief business rival, who had been engaged in a cut-



"Then That Is the Explanation of This Letter."

throat competition with him for years. How he would welcome a man with John's experience, especially when he was taking him away from Hart!

Cynthia lived with her mother in a tiny uptown apartment. When John had read the advertisement he hurried round to consult with the ladies. John was a favorite of Mrs. Barton's; she had been as eager as a girl about the marriage, and its postponement had been a bitter disappointment to her.

"I'm going to write Quincy a strong letter," said John. "I feel sure that I can get that position, only—I'm not much of a hand at blowing my own trumpet."

"You are too diffident, my dear John," said the old lady. "Let us put our heads together and see whether we can't show up your good qualities. If we can't, nobody can."

A little praise from Mrs. Barton, a little tender love from Cynthia, a little eagerness on John's part, and a touch of bitterness at the memory of Hart, and the following letter was produced:

"In answer to your advertisement, I beg to say that I think I am just the man for the position. I am twenty-five years of age and wish to make a change. I am at present employed in a wholesale stationery house and have a complete knowledge of the business. I am planning to leave because I am worth at least \$125 a month and am getting less. I wish to enter the service of an enterprising firm that knows a good man when it has him, and if you will accord me an interview I believe we can come to terms."

The last sentence, to which John demurred, was the product of Mrs. Barton's brain.

It seemed to the women just the sort of letter calculated to appeal psychologically to Quincy. They said so and John was forced to agree.

He watched Hart narrowly the next morning. Somehow he felt as if a vast load had been lifted off his mind. He no longer feared Hart, he no longer dreaded to go into the little booth where he had his desk. Threats would leave John unmoved. He dreamed away the morning, in fancy seeing himself at the altar with Cynthia, and

in his pocket the price of an extended honeymoon tour through the South.

At lunch time the office boy told John that Hart wanted to see him. When John entered there was a frown on Hart's forehead that boded ill.

"Mr. Darrell, we have been thinking of making some changes in the office," said Hart. "I have been under the impression that you were not altogether satisfied with your position here."

"No, sir," said John.

"Oh? What's that?" snapped Hart, looking at him menacingly. "You aren't? Why didn't you tell me?"

"I think I am worth more money, sir," said John, respectfully. "In fact, I—I am sure of it."

"Then that is the explanation of this letter which I received from you this morning," said Hart, flinging John's missive down on the table.

John felt his blood run cold. It was one thing to leave Hart triumphantly, to go to Quincy; it was another to be kicked out before he had secured another position.

"Of course, if you are not satisfied, Mr. Darrell," continued Hart, more blandly, "you are at liberty to leave us. But we are enlarging the department, and I wanted to get another man as assistant preparatory to advancing you to a higher position at \$125."

Which was not strictly true. Hart had advertised for another man, but he had intended to keep John in the same position at the same salary, and all his expressions of discontent on previous days had been directed toward frightening John lest he should make a demand on him. The new man was to have superseded John.

"If you like to take the position it is yours, Darrell," continued Hart. John looked at him in stupefaction. It seemed too good to be true. He was appreciated, then. His employer had recognized his years of service!

Hart turned on the reproachful tap. "If only you had let me know that you wanted more money, Darrell," he said.

"Why, sir, doesn't everybody want more money?" asked John.

"They do. But those that get it—ask for it. Not that I intend to advance you further—for a year, at least," he went on, hurriedly. "But if you would like to start in at \$125 next month you may."

"I want to ask for a couple of weeks' vacation first, sir," said John. "You see, I—I'm going to be married."

"Why, certainly—certainly, Darrell," said Hart, hastily. "Congratulations, I'm sure. Er—good-morning, then."

When John was gone he leaned back in his chair and smiled. He would give the new man John's salary. And John, a married man, would never write such a letter as the one that had terrified him that morning.

Hart's reasoning was sound enough; only he did not reckon on John's mother-in-law. For a wise mother-in-law is a man's good providence.

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NOT AN EXTRAORDINARY FEAT

"Marathon Run" Has Been Duplicated Many Times by Sprinters With No Great Claim to Fame.

Historians differ by two days in relation to the date of the battle of Marathon, but the weight of opinion has been in favor of May 30, 490 years before the beginning of the Christian era. It was a small town, but like many of the small towns of great wars, it became famous through all time in history as the turning point for the forces of the Athenians.

Marathon is about twenty-eight miles northeast of Athens, the modern town being in the midst of a beautiful plain. Circuitous roads lead around spurs of Mounts Pentelcus and Hymettus, famous in Grecian history and poetry. On this date Miltiades, the great leader of the time of the Greeks, met, as the tale is told, 100,000 Persians with only 10,000 Greeks. The story of the battle is one of the most thrilling in all history. The Greeks drove the Persians out of that part of the country.

In recent years the battle has been remembered by rather absurd "Marathon races," the reason for them being the story of a runner who sped those 28 miles without stop for a rest to bring the story to Athens of the wonderful victory of the little army of Miltiades, which changed the whole face of affairs between the contending Greeks and Persians. The story had been disputed of the feat of this runner, but it was challenged by athletes in various parts of America as being no great feat, as Lord Byron proved that the story of Leander swimming the Hellespont was no unusual accomplishment for any good swimmer. Many an American young man has duplicated the Marathon race in various parts of this country, proving that the Greek of about 2,500 years ago, who brought to Athens the news of the victory of Miltiades, was merely an ordinary sprinter.

As Usual.

As nothing is quite as hard on youth as another youth just a few years older, Tommy resented very severely Jean's foibles at the table when there was company.

"Mother, please don't let Jean come to the table tonight," he begged; "she always acts like we never have tea cream 'cept when there's company."

"Honest I won't," begged Jean, so convincingly that she was allowed to come.

However, when the time for dessert came and her favorite strawberry ice cream appeared, Jean's emotional enthusiasm had to find some outlet.

"Oh," she cried, clapping her hands ecstatically; then, true to her promises, she continued, "We have it every night. We have it every night."

Secretary Houston Expresses Views After Tour of National Forests.

Washington, June 24.—The first-hand impressions and experiences gained on his thirty-day tour of the National Forests are described as "invaluable" by Secretary of Agriculture Houston in a letter which he has sent on his return to Washington to the Chief Forester, expressing his approval of the administrative work and methods of the Forest Service.

Starting out with the expressed intention of seeing the work with his own eyes and studying on the ground the principal problems involved in managing and developing the Forest resources of the country, Secretary Houston visited typical forests in each of the six great forest districts of the West, penetrating into the wilds on logging locomotives, automobile, horseback, and at times on foot, and getting into personal touch, not only with the rangers and guards, but with homesteaders, cattlemen, lumberjacks and others among whom the Forest officers do their work.

"I especially desired to familiarize myself," says the Secretary in his letter to the Forester, "with the administrative machinery and business methods, to acquaint myself with the grazing conditions, the water-power developments, the timber operations, the relation of the Forests to agriculture; the road and trail and other improvements, the recreational use of the forests, other uses, and to see some of the typical homestead claims. I was afforded an opportunity to see typical forests in each of the districts and some of the more striking operations of each of them."

"I regret that it was physically impossible for me to visit more of the Forests in each district. I feel, however, that I accomplished my main purposes and that the results of my trip are invaluable. I was exceedingly gratified with the evidence of enthusiasm, loyalty and devotion to duty on the part of all representatives of the Department with whom I came in contact. I was especially impressed with the intelligent and sympathetic attitude between the Forest Service and the users of the Forests and of all communities dependent upon them. It was pleasing to observe that in the forests themselves the residents and other users look to the forest officers, not only for information bearing on forestry problems in which they are interested, but also for assistance in many other matters. The efficient and sympathetic handling of forestry problems on the part of the Service, in the interest not only of the Nation, but particularly of the sections in which the forests are located, gives promise of the successful solution of any problems that may confront us."

In a statement supplementing his letter, Secretary Houston said that among the first of the activities with which he came in contact was the recreational use of the National Forests, under which upward of a million persons every year travel, camp, hunt, fish or maintain summer homes and resorts in the forests. The tour of inspection began on the Santa Fe Forest, New Mexico, where many summer homes have been built in the mountains. In the Coconino and Tusayan forests, Arizona, which border the famous Grand Canyon, the Secretary was particularly impressed, he said, by the necessity of improvements which will make the canyon more accessible to the public and which are being constructed by the Forest Service on these and other forests as rapidly as funds permit, nearly 3,000 miles of road and 21,000 miles of trail having been built

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on all of the National Forests up to date.

On the Angeles Forest, in southern California, the Secretary said, he saw a striking illustration of the importance of forest protection of watersheds, which in this locality has contributed to the irrigation development that in twenty years has transformed a desert into one of the most flourishing agricultural sections of the country. He visited some of the 1,100 towns and cities which derive their domestic water supply from National Forests and, after crossing the Sierra Nevada range in an automobile that was fitted to the railway water-power projects on the forests, a fourteen-million dollar plant operated under permit on the Sierra National Forest. With regard to water-power, development of which is going on actively under the Department of Agriculture's regulations, the Secretary said that he saw no need for a change in the existing system of control, except for legislation to permit long-term leasing of water-power sites.

Stock owners in the West, said the Secretary, are more than satisfied with the departmental regulations under which improved range conditions are brought about along with the grazing of increasing numbers of livestock, of which more than 15 million, mainly sheep, cattle, and horses, now graze annually on the National Forests. In the logging and mill operations on some of the big timber-sale projects in the Douglas fir country of Oregon and Washington, the Secretary said, he was enabled to get much first-hand knowledge of fire protection and conservative logging as carried on under government regulation, and he commended the reforestation work for which from ten to fifteen million trees are grown

annually in forest service nurseries.

The Secretary completed his tour in Montana after he had had a personal insight into practically all of the important activities of the Forest Service and, as he said, obtained first-hand impressions not only from forest officers, but from all classes of local residents who are affected by the methods and regulations under which the National Forests are being administered in every section of the west.

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JOHN I. ASHURST.

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Watch Your Children

Often children do not let parents know they are constipated. They fear something distasteful. They will like Rexall Orderlies—a mild laxative that tastes like sugar. Sold only by us, 10 cents.

Crenshaw & Young.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Thomas and little son, Ronald, went to Orick, Mo., Sunday morning for a visit.

Livery and Feed Stables.

Schaberg Bros. have recently purchased the livery business of the old reliable firm of J. C. Young, Sr., and are prepared to furnish the public with carriages at reasonable prices to and from churches and other public gatherings and also buggies and other accommodations pertaining to the livery business.

SCHARBERG BROS.

Lexington, Mo.

Miss Martha Crenshaw of Kansas City arrived Saturday evening for a visit here with her grandmother, Mrs. T. C. Crenshaw.

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"After a red hot finish in a ball game a pipe full of Tuxedo makes victory sweeter, or defeat more endurable. Ee—yah for Tuxedo."

"Come on, boys—Smoke Up! With TUXEDO!"

"Ee—yah!" That's Hughie Jennings' battlecry, out there on the coaching line by third base. He's one of the peppier, gingeriest men in baseball; always up on his toes, rooting for dear life, making those runs come in.

Want to get some of that old snappy feeling yourself? Smoke Tuxedo, same as Jennings does. It'll boost you right up into the zingdooy class of fellows who are always on the go, full of vim and good nature, piling up success.

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Tuxedo is mild and wholesome. That's why all these athletes use Tuxedo. It can't bite your tongue because the famous "Tuxedo Process" has removed all irritation from the natural leaf—what you get is the gentle, mild, Kentucky Burley, rich and fragrant and wholesome.

"Ee—yah!" Get some Tuxedo today and get that happy feeling.

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